

The Bourbon News.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Lessee and Editor.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY

FOOL YOUNGUNS.

Me an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell!
No, we don't—'cause we don't know
Why we got to laughin' so;
But we got to laughin' so,
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind wuz blowin' in the trees—
An' wuz only ist an' three
Playin' there; an' ever' one
Ketchin' each other, like we doza,
Squintin' up there at the sun
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway;
But I laughed, and so did they—
An' we all three laughed, an' nen
Squint' our eyes an' laugh again:
Ner we didn't ist p'ten—
We wuz shore-nough laughin'.

We ist laugh' an' laugh', tel Bert
Say he can't quit an' it hurt.
Neh I howl, an' Minnie-Belle
She tear up the grass a spell
An' ist stop her yeers an' yell,
Like she'd die a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-younguns yit!
Nothin' funny—not a bit!
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop!
Put-nigh like we have the croup—
All so hoarse wuz we an' whoop
An' ist choke a-laughin'.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Century.

POLLY'S MARRIAGE.

Doing an Act of Reparation Some-
times Has Unexpected and Un-
pleasant Consequences, Her
Husband Found.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

THERE was a pretty flutter in so-
ciety when a halfpenny morn-
ing paper announced the engagement
of Miss Polly Blandish to the very
young duke of Rushminster. The
announcement was contradicted next
day by another halfpenny morning
paper, and confirmed the day after.

Then the papers, since nothing at
the moment was thrilling the public,
became full of gossip and rumor, in-
terviews and portraits, and in due
course it was discovered that pretty
Polly, though only a variety theater
girl, had strong artistic instincts and
longed to play Ophelia and Desdemon-
a, and that her family was ancient
and honorable.

Now, the simple fact was that Pol-
ly, after serving several years in the
ranks of the chorus at the Variety
theater, coaxed a composer into writ-
ing a dance for her, and made a big
"hit"—not, indeed, that she danced
well, but because the music was de-
lightful and Polly was beautiful and
impudent. Soon everyone was whist-
ling or humming the tune of "The
Moonbeam Dance," with which she
was identified.

The duke of Rushminster, who had
just come of age, was a charming,
foolish fellow, with an income of
\$250,000 after deduction of all the ap-
palling charges under the family set-
tlements.

Of course, there was a terrible rum-
pus in the ducal family. The mother
of Charlie—"Charlie" was the duke—
the haughtiest woman in the aristoc-
racy, faint when she heard the news,
and, like another Volumnia, actually
went on her knees to the lad, begging
him vainly to break off the match.
He was firm.

A detective was employed to study
Polly's history, and he made an un-
favorable report, which he called a
"dossier," full of ugly facts; but Polly
explained everything—to the satisfac-
tion of the young duke.

Suddenly came an announcement
that the engagement was at an end,
and that the young duke had received
a quasi-diplomatic appointment in the
colonies which required him to leave
England at once. The world guessed
correctly that a very august person-
age had intervened.

The negotiations for a settlement
took place after the duke's departure
—a piece of ill-luck for Polly. At her
interview with the family solicitor,
she opened her pretty mouth very
wide, showing little teeth that glist-
ened, and asked for £100,000—a de-
mand which staggered the old gen-
tleman.

However, the man of law rose to
the occasion, showed Polly the "dos-
sier," and suggested that the defense
would be that the match was broken
off because the duke had discovered
that the young lady had suppressed
certain facts concerning her history
which had rendered her from every
point of view unsuitable, if not unde-
sirable, as a duchess.

Polly threw up her ring-burdened
hands—and the sponge—and agreed
to take \$50,000, and she smiled rather
wryly when the old gentleman re-
marked that he never allowed his
clients to pay more. A little while
later Miss Polly left the variety
theater and appeared as Juliet, but
all efforts were insufficient to cause
her to be successful, and when Polly
read in one of the brutal afternoon
papers the ambiguous, malevolent as-
sertion that she was probably as well
fitted to play the part of Juliet on
the stage as that of a duchess in
real life she abandoned the game and
dropped out of sight.

The young duke returned to town
very proud of the successful accom-
plishment of his mission and really
unaware of the fact that the whole
affair had been carried out behind his
back by telegram. His family wel-
comed him warmly, since it believed
that his foolish passion was cured, and
felt the more confident in this belief
because of the credible, discreditable
rumors as to his conduct and miscon-
duct in foreign climes.

One evening, when the duke was sit-

ting at his club trying to make up his
mind on the ever-disputable question
whether hors d'oeuvres really excite
appetite or stay hunger, a letter was
brought to him, and at the sight of
the writing he jumped, then gasped:
"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "Pol-
ly's taken to drink!" And, indeed,
the handwriting was very shaky. He
opened the letter and read:

"Dear Charlie—Won't you come and
see me? Don't be afraid; I'm dying;
at least, the doctor says so, and my
illness has made me hideous, and I
would like to see you once again. I
shall be at home at four o'clock to-
morrow. At least, I am always at
home now, and could see you then."
She did see him then—that is, at
four o'clock the next day—and when
he saw her he was horrified. The
pretty color had gone from her
cheeks, great black patches lay
under her eyes, and strange lines
marked the lately beautiful face. The
eyes were bright, the lips still pink,
and the hair in picturesque disorder
had lost none of its beauty.

Charlie was allowed to stay only a
few minutes, and when he left the
room he stumbled into the arms of a
woman in white cap and apron, and
recognized Polly's old dresser. She
was very surly, and when he pressed
her as to the condition of her mis-
tress, bluntly said that the nature of
her illness was her affair and not his.

When he called the next day the
duke found Polly a little better, and
there was quite a flash of her old
self in her manner. So the duke spent
a pleasant quarter of an hour ex-
plaining the ex-dresser, turned him out
in a surly fashion, alleging that he
would fatigue her mistress.

As he was passing through the
room the bell rang.

"The doctor!" exclaimed Rolli-
t to the young duke. "Come in!"

A minute later, an elderly man, with
a very grave, dignified manner, en-
tered. Rolli- left the two men togeth-
er whilst she went into the sick room.
The young duke timidly said some-
thing obviously truthful about the
weather—the other agreed—then
anxiously he asked, "Is she very ill?
What is really the matter?"

"I presume you are a friend of the
family?"

"O, yes, certainly!"

"She is very ill. We have had two
consultations, and—" He merely
shrugged his shoulders again.

"But what is the illness?"

"Technically"—Charlie could not
catch the long Latin term—"actually,
I suppose, the public would call it
"broken heart." Some young fellow, a
duke or someone of family—I know
little of such social matters—jilted
her. She made a great effort to fight
against her feelings and so overtaxed
her strength; a heavy reaction set in.
Then, when she was in a most vul-
nerable state, of course, she caught
a chill, which attacked her lungs, and
now it is a mere question of days."

Rolli- appeared. "Please come at
once, doctor!"

Three days later, when Charles ar-
rived, Rolli- refused to let him see
Polly. "She's too bad, my lord, and
besides she's changed; she don't like
to be seen. And what do you want
to see her for? Go away. Let her
die in peace, and not think of you and
her sorrow."

The young man gasped. "I don't
think you put it fairly," he said,
stammering.

"I am sure you did not act fairly,"
she replied.

"I would do anything on earth to
give her pleasure," said the duke.

The old woman laughed fiercely. "Of
course you would! You would do
anything on earth she does not want
—I know all that."

"What does she want?"

"Nothing from you—merely to die
in peace, for die she will before the
next week is out; and that I should
know even if the doctor had not said
so. Poor babe!" A long pause.

"I suppose it would be no pleasure
to her now—that it would not make
her any the happier—"

"What?"

"If I were to marry her."

"Too late; and yet—but here's the
doctor."

The duke of Rushminster had a
short talk with the doctor, who
pledged his reputation as a medical
man that Polly could not live more
than a few days, and then, despite
the shrugs of Rolli- the elderly shoul-
ders, Charlie went into Polly's room,
and was shocked by her appearance,
since, for the first time, her lips had
lost their pretty pink and she looked
ghastly in the darkened room with a
green-shaded lamp.

A few days later, with the author-
ity of a special license, Polly became
duchess of Rushminster, the two wit-
nesses to the marriage being Rolli-
t and the doctor.

When the ceremony was over the
young man impulsively bent down
and kissed the dull lips of his pallid
bride, although she made efforts to
turn away her head. A moment later
Rolli- and the doctor were busy get-
ting him out of the house, assuring
him that the excitement was too
much for the girl.

The young duke walked down the
road not half as happy as a bride-
groom ought to be. His heart and
hand had been "true to Polly," but
he had broken his promise to the fam-
ily and his word to the very august
personage.

As he walked along, he took a
cigarette out of his cigarette case and
put it between his lips, but drew it
out, with the idea of using a cigar-
ette holder just given him by a friend.
He happened to look at the end of
the cigarette and noticed that it
seemed dirty, then he observed that
his lips felt rather sticky. He put
his handkerchief to his mouth and
wiped it, glanced at the handkerchief,
and saw a patch of a kind of brown
grease.

A strange idea leapt into his mind,
followed by recollection of the fact
that he had noted with surprise when
he put the ring on Polly's finger that
her hand was plump and firm. He
walked back hastily, with no very
definite thought in his head.

He found the garden gate open,
and walked quickly through it and up
the 30 yards of pathway. No sooner
had he reached the point where the
path ran to the left than he heard a
sound of laughter, and saw through
the French window of the garden
room that a merry party was taking
place. He ran across the lawn and
for a moment was unobserved.

There was Polly, looking the picture
of health, sitting on the corner of a
table in a dressing gown and smoking
a cigarette; near her was Rolli- next
to whom sat the doctor, minus spec-
tacles and beard—the duke recog-
nized him at once as a burlesque ac-
tor; into the bargain were two chor-
us girls from a variety theater, and
several champagne bottles were standing
about.

He burst into the room violently,
and with the utmost vehemence and
scorn asked: "Don't you think I
might have been invited to my own
wedding breakfast?"

The chorus girl shrieked, the sham
doctor swore, Rolli- quailed, but Pol-
ly stood up to him.

"It's legal enough, my lord, for the
law is such a fool as not to dissolve a
marriage even if there is trickery in
it, and it serves you right for being a
cur; and yet, Charlie," and her voice
softened, "I never meant you to find
out that it was a trick. Get out of
here all of you," she said fiercely to
the revelers, and they slunk away.

The duke stood silent. "Charlie, I
was always fond of you, and I am. We
are now man and wife; let's make the
best of it. A little money will make
these creatures hold their tongues;
people will think it was a fine thing
of you, even if foolish, to give your
coronet to what you thought a dying
girl, and they won't suppose it was
your fault that I cheated the under-
taker. Come, let's be friends," and
she took hold of his hands and lifted
up her face toward his. The young
man roughly flung away her hands,
and, looking at her sternly, said:

"Maybe the law will not set me
free, so you will have the title of
duchess, if title without honor pleases
you, and such money as the law com-
pels; but we never meet again."

And as he passed out of the room,
he heard her shouting, "Come back,
girls! Let's drink to the duke's de-
parture."—London Sketch.

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

An Illustrative Instance of the Dis-
astrous Effect of Assuming
Too Much Wisdom.

A young man employed in an oyster
shop has lost his situation, and this
because he gave prompt answer to
his employer's eager question, relates
the London Chronicle. The employer
had six lively little land turtles, which
attracted much attention as they
wandered aimlessly about the win-
dows. He painted a large white let-
ter on the back of each of the shells,
and put up a notice to the effect that,
whenever the turtles got into such
relative positions that the letters
spelled "oyster," he would present
half a dozen natives to every one who
was looking on.

Then he became frightened lest the
mystic word should occur too often,
and covered reams of paper figuring
out the odds. He gave it up at last,
and was about to remove the turtles
when his most accomplished oyster
opener informed him that the odds
were 720 to 1 against the combination.
The turtles are still in the window,
but the oyster opener has gone. Such
knowledge of odds, the employer,
thought, could have been acquired
only by years of betting experience.
It is not wise to be too wise.

The Climax.

They were young and romantic, and
although the minute hand was point-
ing to 12 o'clock, they stood upon the
porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she
murmured.

"Yes, pet; and that is Sirius," he re-
plied, pointing to another star.

"Are you serious?" she cooed.

He kissed her. Then, pointing up-
ward, he said:

"That's Mars, dove."

"And that's the sun," she whispered, as
a footstep sounded inside.

And if the young man hadn't
"scooted" he would have seen more
stars than he ever dreamed of.—Lon-
don Spare Moments.

Modern Advertising Methods.

"There seems to be only one way to
boom this book of mine," said the
young author, thoughtfully. "I
think I had better die before it comes
out."

"All right," said the publisher.

So the author was dead for adver-
tising purposes, and the book made
a hit and sold out two editions be-
fore anybody knew much about the
author.

Then there was a wake in the office
of the publisher.

"You will have to be interviewed
on this book," said the publisher.

"How can I?" said the author,
wrathfully. "Hang it, I'm dead."—
Washington Times.

Won in a Walk.

Cholly—What was the result of your
interview with Miss Bullyun's father
last night?

Percy—It was a walkover for me.

"Ah, allow me to congratulate
you."

"Don't do it. The old man simply
walked all over me."—Chicago Daily
News.

HUMOROUS.

"And this invention that will, as you
say, 'throw Marconi in the shade,' what
is it?" "A wireless piano, for use in
flat-houses."—Life.

At the Concert—"His voice has a
good compass." "Y-yes; but it didn't
prevent his being all at sea in that last
song."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Doubtless She Was.—Mrs. Browne—
"And who is the president of your club
now, Mrs. Malaprop?" Mrs. Malaprop
(proudly)—"I am the present incum-
brance, just now."—Philadelphia
Press.

Hanson—"There was a time I could-
n't abide Puggleigh; but I declare if he
hasn't become really agreeable of
late." Tryster—"You don't mean it!"
Hanson—"Yes; he hasn't called at my
place for a month or two."—Boston
Transcript.

"Henry, how is the plot of that sea
novel running?" "Well, just at this
chapter there is a terrible storm, and
the passengers are afraid the boat will
go to the top." "You mean the bot-
tom." "No; this is a submarine boat."
—Philadelphia Record.

On the Ark—"This is tough luck,"
said Ham, mournfully, as he leaned out
over the side of the ark. "What's
wrong now?" queried Shem. "Why, all
this water to fish in," replied Ham,
"and only two two fishin' worms on
board."—Ohio State Journal.

"The old man was hot this morning,"
confided the bookkeeper to the bill
clerk. "He seems calm enough now,"
said the bill clerk. "How did you cool
him off?" "I gave him a little hot air,"
replied the bookkeeper. And as the
bill clerk was a serious-minded young
man, much given to sage reflection, he
mentally noted that here was further
evidence to support the theory that
"like cures like."—Indianapolis News.

INDIAN TURKEY FEASTS.

Great Birds Are Served on the Tables
of the Cibiquest Tribe of Red-
men in Arizona.

If all the wild turkeys in the Mogollon
mountains from Turkey creek to the
Mexico line could be killed or trapped
there would be Christmas dinner ma-
terial for half the families of the na-
tion. They are big birds, too, says a
Phoenix (Ariz.) correspondent of the
New York Sun.

When the turkey season opened in
the middle of October Ed Bush, a
Cibique Apache half-breed, brought to
the military post at San Carlos a gob-
bler which weighed 34 pounds. Three
weeks later, when the turkeys had
fattened on the beech nuts of the for-
est and the grain fields of the moun-
tain ranches, a party of officers from
the fort on a three days' hunt up White
Mountain creek killed 81 turkeys, aver-
aging 19 pounds each.

Even then the turkeys were not in
their prime. They will be at their
best weight about the first of the year,
when the Cibique braves will hold
their great annual hunt and will feast
for two weeks on the result.

To the frugal housewife who makes
her Christmas turkey last over three
days the Cibique method of cooking
turkeys would be a revelation in econ-
omy. The Cibique is probably the wil-
dest and most elusive of all the Apache
races and the unexplored fastnesses
of the great mountains of the Mo-
gollon and White ranges he has
held aloof from white companionship
longer than any other American In-
dian.

Not until two years ago, when John
Dacey, the chief of the tribe, was killed
in a quarrel with a deputy sheriff, did
the Cibiques permit a white man to
go to their hunts or to attend their
feasts. Since then they have accept-
ed the newcomers as a necessary evil,
and last year they invited a number of
officers from Fort Apache, together
with several civilians, to accompany
them.

Nearly 70 bucks, with the seven or
eight whites, killed more than 100
birds in the hunt of two days. In
the dense and nearly impenetrable
scrub oak of the mountain sides the
turkeys were extremely difficult to
find.

The white guests soon wearied of
the tiresome work of crawling and
writhing through the brush, and most
of them awaited at the camp the re-
turn of the red hunters. Not a bird
was touched in camp until all the
hunters were in, and then the squaws
prepared the feast.

That night and all next day the
gorging lasted. The following day it
continued, and then hash was made of
the remains. This diet served an-
other day, and then the last of the
white party left the village.

Three days later one of the white
men chanced again to visit the village.
He found the whole population ab-
sorbing turkey soup, while the chief
declared that the bones would serve
food purposes for three more days.

One day lately a party from Globe
shot nine turkeys near Turkey creek,
three of the birds weighing over 25
pounds and one tipping the scales at
42 pounds, the largest ever known to
be killed, although the Apache guide
declared he had shot turkeys weigh-
ing 50 pounds.

Beauty in a Japanese.

A Japanese belle is smaller than
her European sister, but even in
western eyes she is distinctly pretty
as long as her youth lasts. As a rule
the Japanese have very sallow com-
plexions, but these are hidden with
paint and powder. Indeed, so well
are they hidden that on the neck of
a Japanese woman is a hard line
showing where art ends and nature
begins. Beauty, according to the
Japanese standard, consists of a
long, oval face, regular features with
almond-shaped eyes, slightly sloping
upward, a high, narrow forehead and
an abundance of straight black hair.
—Chicago Daily News.

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